

Saturday night, tension hung heavily in the air along with the humidity. Surrounded by the corn, I began thinking of IN COLD BLOOD (with Robert Blake, not the wimpy tv movie version; and the events of ICB did occur near the area) & BADLANDS - even CHILDREN OF THE CORN (the story, not those stupid films). Maybe a slight exaggeration, but not much - the closing antics of the night before & the tension was enough to where attendance fell off. It was still a large crowd, but not as packed as the night before...maybe they went to see Dylan in Kansas City. I missed CRETIN 66, who started the night off, but got there just in time for ZEKE, from Seattle; followed by Allen King's HELLSTOMPER, southern-punk/stomp from GA. Midway through their set, The Widow-maker (bassist from Cocknoose) came in bloody - he'd been jumped by a couple of guys (so I heard), & one of the moshers tried to get aggro with the huge singer from ANTI-SEEN - not a smart idea; fortunately, someone intercepted him each time he wandered over (6 or 7 times). During the break, there was a commotion at the gate - apparently retaliation for the attack on the Widowmaker was in effect. While it may have been in the interest of journalism to go over & observe, I decided I didn't need the aggravation, & got into a conversation with the drummer from Nashville Pussy and someone who came from Normal, IL for the e show.

The blood kept right on flowing, albeit deliberately, when RANCID VAT, from Philadelphia, took the stage, followed by Charlotte, NC's ANTI-SEEN, the Saturday headliner. Both bands delivered the goods & no fights broke out, although Rancid Vat had some annoying sound problems with the Cosmic Commander's theremin (!). Both lead singers did the custom of 'juicing' - the time-honored wrestling tradition of blood streaming down the face - it didn't get me hot, but it was certainly riveting. Various members of the bands took the stage when Anti-seen launched into BTO's 'Takin Care of Business', ending in a blaze of sound as 'The Colonel' took the stage and closed the show in an unforgettable tableau, dressed in white & surrounded by C of S members - a vision of White Trash Heaven.

Alright, maybe this article is a bit overblown, but this show more than delivered on sheer entertainment value - none of the bands sucked; the event brought people in from San Francisco, Canada, and one guy came all the way from Germany; and aside from a couple of fights & heavy aggro, nothing serious happened - no weapons, no hospital trips, no cops or arrests; and on top of all that, you got to meet Simon Stokes! For a measly \$14 bucks (plus whatever you spent on merchandise and liquor)!

FUCK LOLLAPALOOZA! FUCK these high-priced arena scum shows, and fuck any and every high-priced, over-hyped, boring concert/club date. For my money, this was the show to top for '97, for those smart enough to attend. There may be a CD & video out in the near future, which I advise you to obtain & bear witness to the Spectacle & make plans for the 5th annual Confederacy of Scum gathering (wherever it may be.)